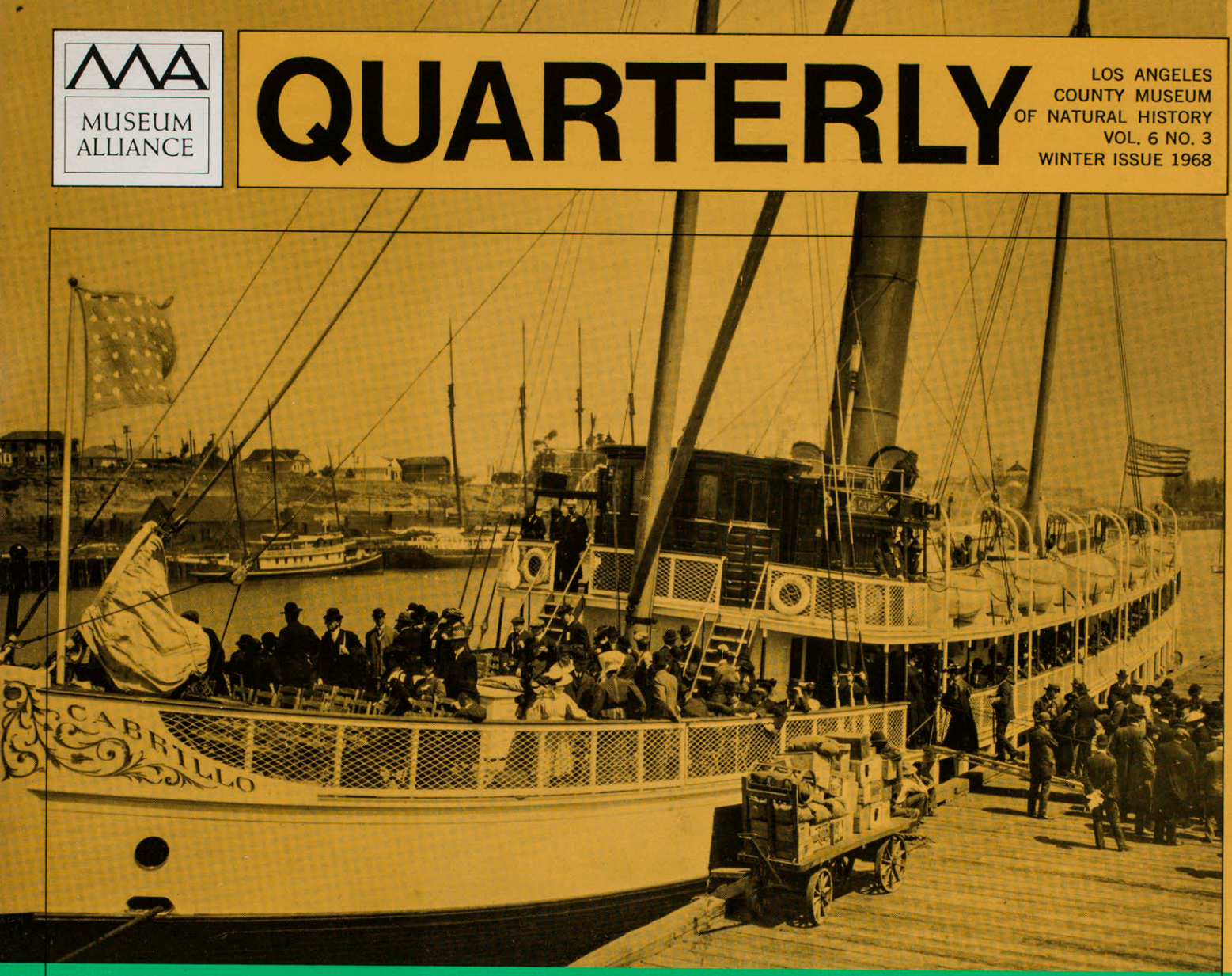
MUSEUM ALLIANCE

QUARTERLY

LOS ANGELES COUNTY MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY
VOL. 6 NO. 3
WINTER ISSUE 1968



off to Catalina Island, 1900

MUSEUM ALLIANCE

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Dimension-Delighted

The first of the 1967-8 New Dimensions to Delight programs of the Museum Alliance **delighted** the many members who participated. The old West was reconstructed for us through an excursion to Pioneer Village of the Kern County Museum in Bakersfield, followed by a picnic lunch and visit to Fort Tejon, State Historic Park on the Ridge Route.

Miss Ruth Mahood, Chief Curator of History at the Los Angeles County Museum of Natural History said that she expected 150 or 200 people to attend but estimated that there were approximately 600 men, women and children who made the two hour trip from the Los Angeles area on November 4th and arrived by 10:30 at the Kern County Museum at 3801 Chester Avenue in Bakersfield.

Mr. Douglas Macdonald, Chairman of the Alliance, Mrs. Nancy York, Program Committee Chairman and Miss Mahood welcomed the group which gathered in the main building to examine the collections of birds, mammals, guns and old cars, and the extensive mineral exhibits.

Mr. Richard C. Bailey, Director of the Kern County Museum, was introduced and welcomed us, stating that this was the second largest county museum in the state, ours in Los Angeles being the largest. He directed the group to Pioneer Village and explained that it was reconstructed from buildings and items acquired through gifts and purchases to show the history of life in Kern County between 1868 and 1910.

The continuous ringing of the bell on "Old 2914" by the children (and some adults) as they climbed on the Southern Pacific locomotive was only part of the fun of visiting Pioneer Village. Adults enjoyed a moment's rest in the old waiting room of the Bena Freight and Passenger station and chuckled at the sign in the telegraph office, "Don't bother the operator, let him wreck his own trains." Old buggies, spring wagons, a feed and freight wagon and other horse drawn vehicles were boarded by the children, one of whom said, "Gee, it's just like television!" Visitors were overheard identifying various exhibits in the recreated medical offices. The Weller Ranch exhibit, including a ranch house, barn, cook wagon, windmill and tank house, hay derrick and hog scalding kettle, interested many old timers as well as the youngsters. An authentic model of an oil derrick, old tools from the oil fields of Kern County and the pumping plant drew the attention of many.

There are 50 or more restored or reconstructed buildings, old vehicles, and other exhibits at Pioneer Village. We also enjoyed the Woody General Store, the Norris School built in 1882, Bella Union

(continued on page 31)

Enthusiastic Alliance visitors to the Kern County Museum were seen at the entrance to the museum. From left to right: Mr. Richard C. Bailey, Director, Kern County Museum, Mrs. Douglas Macdonald, Douglas Macdonald, Peggy Macdonald, Ruth I Mahood, Chief Curator of History, Mr. Douglas Macdonald, Chairman of the Alliance, Kathy Macdonald and Mrs. Nancy York, Chairman of the Alliance Programs.

Chief Ranger Louis Wakefield surrounded by interested Alliance Members at Fort Tejon State Historic Park.

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MUSEUM ALLIANCE

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From San Pedro Due South to Catalina Island

by
Robert A. Weinstein
Research Associate in
Western History

Yesterday's truths never seem quite real enough a few decades later.

Travel to Catalina Island today is as easy as taking a color picture with an Instamatic camera. Travel there by private boat, a sailboat or a motor cruiser if you will. A public launch or a water taxi will do the job even more quickly. The most posh is to take the Great White Steamship from Wilmington and the ultimate convenience is to whoo-oosh there in about 20 anxious minutes in a flying boat.

Some 75 years ago the only way to get to Shatto's Island, presently called Catalina, was to travel in a small boat. You have to have traveled in a small boat **then** to realize what a **small boat** meant to a vacationing, family-laden Catalina islandgoer.

In the early 1900's the principal and most popular Catalina steamboat was the Banning-owned tugboat FALCON. Soon after her appearance on the Catalina run the WARRIOR, a second Banning towboat doubled one's opportunities for the channel crossing. A ticket on either of these two tiny stalwarts of the deep meant only a seat on an unsteady wooden, folding camp chair (Remember them?) This chair with the others was placed well aft on the tug's fantail. It was fresh and windy back there, almost always spray-covered and predictably wet and slippery-decked. A bit of smoke and cinders from the coal-burning engine could be expected as well. The passage across the channel was long and the little tugs rolled from port to starboard and back again, without cessation and without mercy. To realize that dramamine had not yet been discovered rounds out the picture of an early crossing to Catalina Island.

As island visits increased in popularity, successful efforts to make the channel passage more pleasant were developed. Two new steamers, the HERMOSA and the CABRILLO entered the run from San Pedro. By contrast to the previous two, tiny, wind-smitten tugboats, these new craft were relatively floating palaces. They were much larger, took less time to cross the channel and had inside accommodations for the passengers. They even included a contemporary "snack bar" of sorts. Unhappily, the channel wind blew as strong and as steadily on their exposed decks as on the tugs and sad to say they rolled

Shatto's elegant Catalina hostelry. Peace, quiet, fishing, rowing, swimming, inside plumbing and inside meals were the total attractions of early-day Avalon.

as often as the tugs and as nastily.

However, nothing deterred the pleasure-seeking Angeleno and aye, the visiting Easterner or European, from seeing and touring the Catalina Island of yesterday. It was a beautiful spot in a rugged fashion. The relaxation and sport available were typical of the period and the facilities for their enjoyment were simple but ample. A kind of "camping-out" existence in Tent City was the order of the day. Dining was very much alfresco with the picnic basket ever present. Sea-fishing and sailing were very popular, while less strenuous entertainment featured community singing, hiking, horseback riding, rowboating in the Bay at Avalon and of course, young couples zealously looking for seashells late into the night on the sandy bay beaches.

In lieu of dancing to the music of Guy Lombardo at the Avalon Ballroom, one could climb to the top of the many-stepped Sugar Loaf Rock in the same location. A dizzying ride over the switch-backed mountain roads featured the Banning stagecoach and six spirited horses. The stage driver was universally feared as the "hot-rod" driver of his day.

For restless and curious spirits as well as any amateur icthyologists there were glass-bottomed, sea-viewing boats. Three, sidewheel paddle boats, twice-daily, provided rich opportunities for passengers to sit closely packed together on wooden benches; glimpse the "wonders of the deep" and rub knees pleasantly if the adjoining knees were worth the trouble.

Our photographs of yesteryear show us a different Catalina Island from the one we know today. It was a vacation spot harder to get to, rougher to live upon, much less explored and developed, clearly less convenient and notwithstanding all of this an island gem of great beauty. It held out rich and varied possibilities for the outdoor, picnic-type life of yesterday's vacations.

Could our vacationing forbears making their seasick way to Catalina Island have visualized their progeny making **their** frenetic, airsick way to the island paradise for the modern vacation? It is doubtful of course, yet the notion is a sobering one to ponder upon . . . on to Hawaii, on to Tahiti, on to Majorca . . . on, on, on.

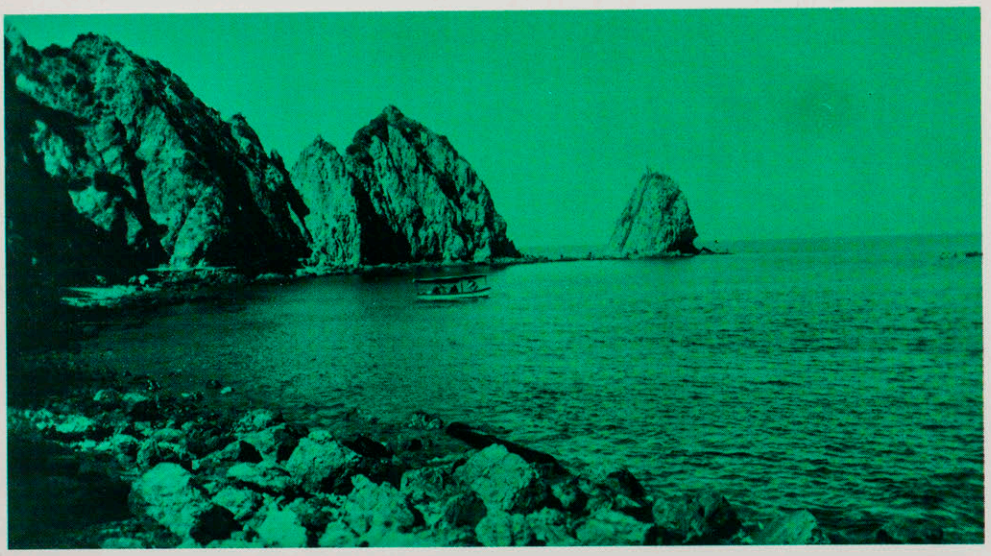
In the beginning there was the sandy beach, Shatto's hotel, Sugar Loaf rock, a visiting schooner and the steamer FERNDALE. A few . . . very few visitors . . . and that was all.

Avalon soon began to spread out. Cabins crept up the hills in the ravines and on the gentle slopes. Tent City started; the Banning home was built and the HERMOSA was a regular visitor . . . with tourists.

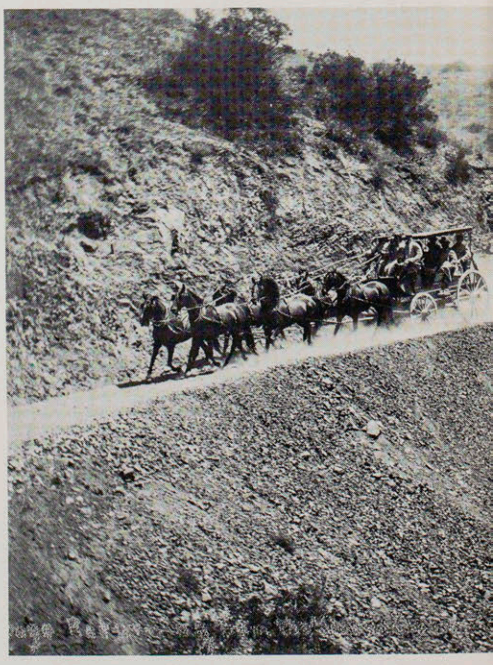
A busy booming Avalon soon was the predictable product. Now there were many hotels, stores and businesses. So many that a beach Esplanade was built. The pier had a wharf on it; Sugar Loaf had a ladder to climb it and the south slope of the Bay had a cog wheel tramway.

Progress . . . as we know it . . . finally came to Avalon. No more peace. No more quiet. Instead 3 and 4 piers, two Big White Steamers, the famous Avalon Ballroom, moorings for pleasure boats and the solid foundation for a permanent, prospering tourist business economy.

Sugar Loaf Rock, mecca for the hardy visitors to Catalina. Only eighty four (count 'em) individual steps to the observation platform at its peak.



Catalina could be whatever the romantic spirit wished. Here it suggests the Italian Coast, wild, deserted, rocky and enchanting.



The Banning six-horse stage was the **thing** to do on Catalina. It was long, hot, a bit tiresome and terribly exciting. Few visitors missed this fast-paced island tour.

As Avalon grew there were hotels for the weary, billiard parlors and beer for the "depraved" and beach promenading for the "seekers." Of course there was swimming, boating and fishing as well.

Ah . . . who could forget the thrills and delights of Tent City. All of the pleasures of the outdoors in a mildly organized way. This was the fiscal answer to the "average" Catalina Island tourist . . . and them were the days . . . believe me!

Flying with the Birds over Africa

By **Gretchen Sibley**
Museum
Education Specialist

Sunset over Uganda

As we zoom down over the grassy airstrip seeking a landing, grazing antelope dash in all directions and a small herd of Congo elephants lumber off toward the end of the strip. Mike, our pilot, notes a termite nest, a mound of red earth that could wreck a small plane and pulls up just in time, then circles and comes back again for a landing on a field now cleared of animals. It is Semliki Valley at the foot of the Ruwenzori range — the famed Mountains of the Moon, east boundary of the Congo.

We had left the Kenya highlands five hours before and driven early that morning to our friend Kim's estate to rendezvous with Mike and the new single-engine Mooney that was to take us on a fifteen-hundred mile trip into more remote areas of East Africa. Five minutes later, perched atop the small bags and cameras Hope, Phyl and I had packed into the plane, we were airborne — in the wrong direction! — directly towards a menacing clump of thorn trees. The sickening sound of thorn trees brushing the underside of the fuselage filled us with more apprehension than had any charging rhino; however, we remained aloft and settled back to enjoy the Rift valley now spread out before us with soft fingers of morning mist reaching into the lowlands and the escarpments rising from the softness. Farther along forests and the patchwork of lovely farms stretched below us, and then vast Lake Victoria beyond, with the rain forests, swamps and granite outcroppings of Southern Uganda.

Our arrival at Semliki creates a diversion because the lodge is not yet open for the season, but this merely underscores one pleasantness of traveling in East Africa in June, out of season, with no pesky tourists to clutter the landscape. One enjoys only the company of Lodge managers and animals.

Semliki abounds in Uganda Kob, stately males on their "stamping fround," waiting for the females to be attracted by their proud handsomeness and pass in docile review. Nearby lions rest under the trees, stretched out with feet in the air or with head on paws, half-closed eyes watching the antelope. This danger does not disturb the kobs, apparently unwisely so, for we find a skull left from a recent kill.

The Ruwenzori range begins with rolling hills mounting quickly to mountains clothed with the Uturi rain forest. It is a clear day and between the heavy trees we catch glimpses of the craggy snow-capped mountains beyond. As we travel the road twists and turns, rising and falling and always through the thick green rain forest. At the end of our journey Nandis meet us and barter with us over small purchases until the pygmies arrive. Colin Turnbull has given an excellent account of the pygmies, but the handful that come out of the forest are poor examples. They are picturesque with weazened faces over miniature bodies, pot-bellied from a banana diet; but not to be compared with the fine looking Africans we know. We hastily depart to enjoy once again the beauties of the Semliki river as it winds through a lush valley and meadows below the quiet and beauty of the forest.

Once again we mount our yellow Mooney bird and fly over Lake Albert, a

Mooney bird

placid, shining sheet of water. The high mountains of the Congo rise to our left and the rolling hills and valleys of Uganda to our right. Below us on the lake an occasional village hugs the shore and sends whiffs of smoke to meet the fleeting clouds. We remind ourselves that that is the Victoria Nile entering at the end of the lake and beside it the White Nile emerges, flowing north and west towards the Sudan and Egypt. Paraa Lodge appears as a speck on the river as we fly east. Mike flies around Murchison falls, a most spectacular sight as the water rushes down a narrowing river, turns and twists and splashes high against confining rocks and pours through a twenty-foot gap to splash high again into the air and drop to a turbulent river, widening to a smooth flow to Lake Albert.

The river is a winding silver path through rich rain forest on both banks, its smooth progress broken periodically by the white froth of rapids as they swirl around small heavily vegetated islands.

Chobi, our destination, is a new lodge built overlooking the Goragung rapids, and where you can't possibly overlook the animal life. The rapids feed into whirlpools and also create quiet backwaters where hippos rise and fall and snort and growl and grunt. Crocodiles with gaping pink mouths lie on the bank or float in the smooth water. An abundance of water birds perch on trees on the islands and along the shore — open-billed storks, lily waders, kingfishers, marabou storks. The pied kingfisher hovers over the water and dives for food. Vultures perch along the banks. Just next to our rooms a thorntree houses two pairs of jewel-like bee-eaters, a pair of golden weavers and a black and white wagtail. On a nearby bank, giraffe, buffalo and elephant complacently feed. As the sun sets across the river, hippos come ashore and long conversations of snorts and grunts come closer so that finally we see the bulky forms reflected back in the hotel lights. By morning four-toed footprints surround the hotel.

We note them as the sun rises in a glorious pink cover of fleecy clouds and we start out again, this time by Land Rover. We don't get far before four buffalo block the road and we respectfully turn into the grass and disturb a disgruntled rhino who promptly attacks. His poor eyesight saves us, fortunately, and we document this narrow escape and our own agitation by a very poor picture, crooked and blurred, of a rhino charging through the grass.

As we travel along, giraffes silhouetted against the sky gaze down at us; Colobus monkeys rush to the treetops to chatter at us and play hide and seek and stark dead trees form grotesque patterns against the sky, bark stripped where elephants have fed off them and left them to die.

Several days are delightfully spent by the river animal-watching, collecting ants for the Museum and just resting. Phyl and Mike fish for Nile perch and hope to land one hundred and fifty pounds of fighting fish. In the prodigious land anything under twenty-five pounds must be thrown back!

Returning to the airstrip to pick up our yellow Mooney bird, we find that elephants and a family of wart hogs have taken up a rather obstructive tenure and are not to be lightly overrun by us. As a matter of fact, I am the one who is over-

The beautiful pattern
is as distinctive for
each zebra
as a thumbprint is to a man.

run as I stand in the path of marching safari ants while trying to photograph the larger beasts. One of the best remembered experiences of an African safari is the searing attack of safari ants! There is only one way to remove ants from one's slacks — divestment — and I rapidly retreat behind the plane to take care of the biting hordes.

Our next destination is Kitale, the center of the richest agricultural area in East Africa, and we fly over velvet green fields and around the forested slopes of nearby mountains to land on the isolated airstrip. There is no phone and the only building is inhabited by families of wasps. Retreating quickly, we send word via a passing motorist for transportation and we are soon rescued and proceed to town for supplies and a night of rest.

Towns are infrequent and small in Africa and in this one the four blocks of stores keep us occupied for the afternoon. Store windows hold fascinating combinations of men's shirts, kerosene lamps, plastic sponges, packets of vegetable seeds, charcoal irons and beads all jumbled together. To add to the excitement, this is the weekly shopping day of the farmers and the streets are lined with Land Rovers.

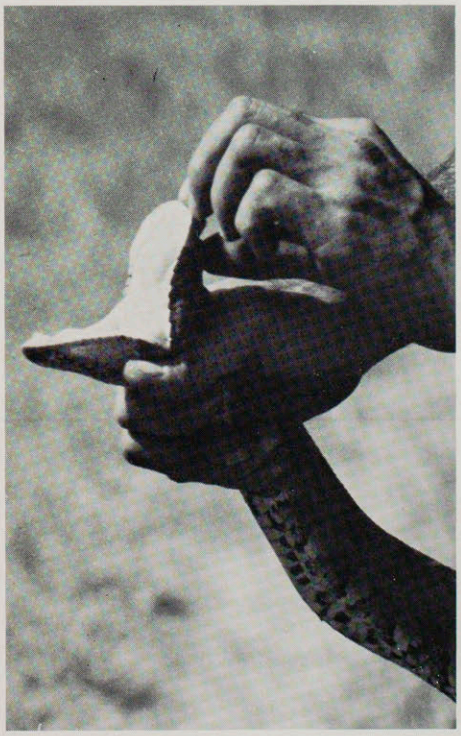
It is also a school holiday week-end and we note with keen sadness the snatched moments of companionship between parents and children separated for months at a time. The hotel is full of these briefly re-united families.

Leaving Kitale we fly north and east. The vast green estates below end abruptly at a mountain range fringed by lush rain forests, themselves defeated by the vertical rock upthrust, rising like a giant backbone above north Kenya. The clouds spend themselves on this massive wall; and beyond it there is a sharp drop to the desert below, stark and flat and stretching into the horizon. Hundreds of dry streambeds travel their tortuous way down the mountainside and meet at the river flowing northeast to Lake Rudolph. Small dark green plants mark the river banks as they sink roots far into the earth for the remains of precious water. Dotting the surface of the land are pointed humps of small hills, identified by spiderweb of dry streambeds branching from them to the flatness of the dead land.

The focal point of all this — Lake Rudolph — is a great expanse of blue-gray water surrounded by barren ground broken by patches of scraggly desert bush, a coloration that blends with the color of the parched ground.

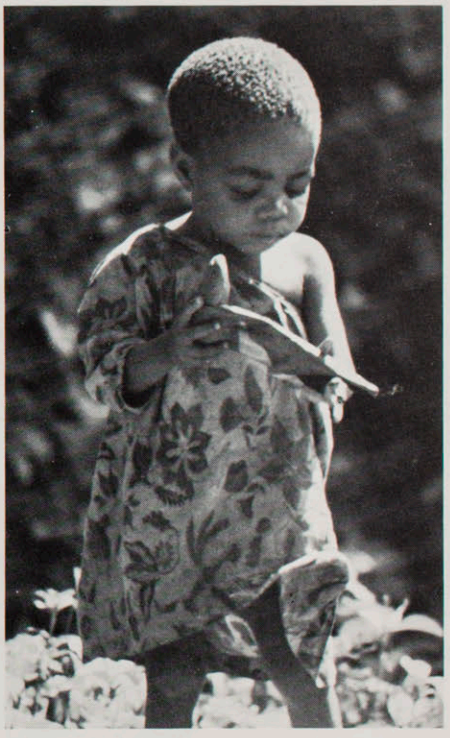
Our arrival at Ferguson's Gulf stirs up a Land Rover full of missionaries, the only European inhabitants of the place. We have interrupted their Sunday morning services with a few parishioners from the nearby African village of fishermen. With Christian kindness they lend us their Land Rover and we depart through the hot sand to enjoy our lunch at the lakeside. That sounds like a delightful picnic, but you must imagine temperatures of over one hundred, not a tree in sight, bits of dead fish as far as one can see and an odd noisy haze over all — billions of almost invisible midges creating a high shrill hum. They show no interest in us or our lunch, but no doubt many are inadvertently swept in with the food. I look for ants but the desolation is too much for them.

Back to our yellow Mooney bird and out of the uninviting area. The terrain below us resembles desert areas in western United States — low tableland erod-



The soft white sheath covering the dangerous fangs of a viper are revealed by Jonathan Leakey.

A young pygmy plays by the roadside.



ing into interesting patterns on the desert floor. In grateful contrast, traces of green and low hills mark our arrival at Lake Baringo.

Ted meets us with the Volkswagon minibus. The yellow Mooney bird flies away and we are to be ground birds for the rest of our African trip.

A few days are spent with Betty Roberts and her menagerie along the lake front. Betty collects animals for zoos all over the world. In this zoo we are merely another species among the baby dik diks, Tommie gazelles, oryx, a tame cheetah, bat-eared foxes, etc., which wander around us at will.

Betty's large rambling home overflows with her six youngsters and bottle-fed baby animals. Down the road Jonathan Leakey, Dr. Leakey's oldest son, has eight hundred poisonous snakes raised for anti-venom. I understand why he decided on the area as a collection spot after coming within six inches of stepping on a viper outside our cabin. This is a paradise for a zoologist. Jon pulls out examples of snakes for photographs and we enjoy his farm and lovely home built on a hill overlooking the lake.

The days are pleasant with some of the "settlers" dropping in from time to time. Some seem a little out of place, such as the two Italian countesses in bikinis, one with a gold chain draped provocatively about her middle. They are photographing "disappearing tribes" — when government officials don't interfere. (There are strict regulations in these northern territories.)

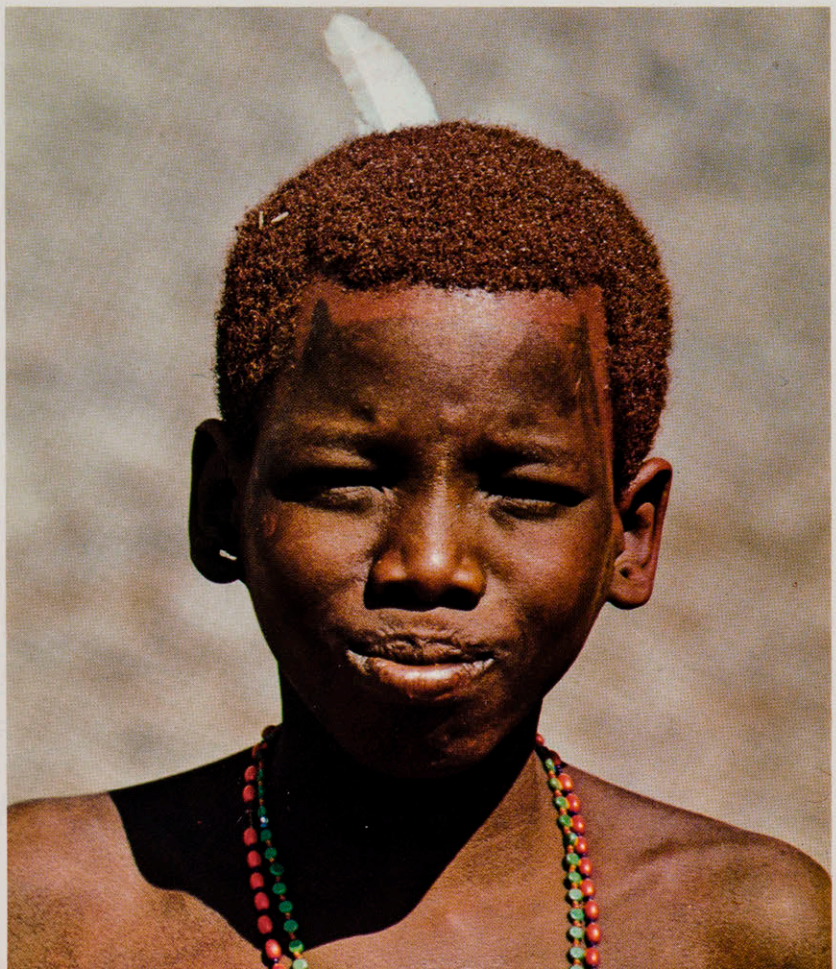
Our trip had been scheduled around the great migration in Serengeti and it is now time to head south for that area. The road is rough and twisting and every mile or so we ford a river, but the countryside is wild and lovely. Thorn trees are blooming against the blue sky and game dash across our track as we proceed. From the minibus we see Africans with red-ochred hair, shiny brown bodies and bright beads as they walk along the road and sit by the water.

Nakuru by noon, and after lunch we visit the flamingos on the lake. Hundreds of thousands mass like pink sand on the shores. They slowly move away from our approach and circle in a pink cloud overhead to again settle in a nearby bay. Pelicans sail like ships across the still water and yellow-billed storks feed at the water's edge. Beside us antelope feed and play in the tall grass.

Off again to Lake Navaisha where Ted has a new fiberglass motorboat waiting for him. There is only time to drop baggage in our tents and we are off to try out the boat. We motor and drift for two hours in a wonderful sunset and twilight. Coots float along with us tail up and head down to catch food. The water turns gold and then silver. Boats and shore are mirrored in the quiet waters. Pelicans roost in the gaunt branches of dead trees pushing out of the water and forming Japanese prints against the sky.

We have two days of animal-watching at Mara, best remembered by the evening we stroll to our cabins after dinner and walk into two male lions also strolling in the mild evening, hopefully after their dinner also. Our stroll ends in a forty-meter dash for the cabins in what might be an Olympic record.

Red Ochre Hair



We depart the next morning for Serengeti, hindered twenty minutes by a playful elephant feeding in the road. They have learned that cars stop when they are on the road and delight in making us wait. He leisurely eats his breakfast while we sit and watch.

Serengeti stretches up into rocky hills beyond the river with light forests of whistling thorn trees spread out for many miles. As we near Seronera, herds of animals begin to appear, members of the great migration. We follow them out through the corridor towards Lake Victoria the next day where we see even greater herds, each with hundreds of wildebeest. Some of the animals are walking slowly, single file, others grazing in great dark masses in the dry grass. Playful groups run in circles, tufted tails whirling like fans, bodies jerking up and down like seesaws as the clumsy animals play their games. Smaller herds of zebra graze quietly and then break into their characteristic run, first one way and then another, close together, fanning out and then back together to stop and graze. Tommies, topi, giraffe and others browse and graze and slowly travel towards the lake. Tsetse flies cover the car and us, biting through clothes and diving again and again. In desperation we stop the car and they disappear because they only attack moving objects, but in another mile we gather a new crop.

Low hills stretch on either side of the corridor and the hot sun beats down at noon. The animals huddle under the poor shade of the thorn trees and we too seek shade for our picnic lunch. Then we travel across the river, after the men fill in the broken road with stones from the river, laboring as red dragonflies skim the water. Forty miles and we have seen hundreds of thousands of animals, more than anyone remembers in previous migrations. We return to Seronera, tired but thrilled at this incredible sight in a world in which man has left so little room for animals.

More days are spent in Serengeti watching animals watching us. Giraffe parade south along the horizon in the morning and parade back again at night, long necks waving back and forth in time with swinging legs. Tommie gazelles dart everywhere. Small bands of zebra, topi and wildebeest graze together. Vervet monkeys run through the grass and pause to stretch necks and peek at us. Leopards drape lazily along the branches of trees and watch our movements with golden eyes. Lions stretch out in the tall yellow grass and we pass them by. One lioness rests beside the road and we stop to photograph her and her flies. She considers us and then the zebra nearby; but the warm afternoon sun leaves her too relaxed to bother with either of us.

One morning at two a.m. I am awakened by a loud crunching outside the window and look out to see George, the Seronera giraffe, enjoying a snack from the thorn tree beside our thatched hut. Ten minutes earlier Ted had heard him and opened his door to find it framed in four legs as George fed in the thorn tree covering the front steps.

To the south Serengeti stretches bare and brown and shimmering in the heat. Overgrazing by Masai cattle have made this a wasteland. Mirages give birth to refreshing lakes in the distance which disappear in the dust as we approach: but as we rise into the hills and the

Crested Cranes
National bird of Uganda

shade of flat-topped thorn trees and then higher to the edge of Ngorongoro crater, it grows cooler. At the crater's edge we look across its twelve miles stretching out two thousand feet below us. It is cold at George Dove's tenting camp, but we are hurried in before a roaring fire.

On mid-summer day we are in the crater and it is Hope's birthday. The crater is full of animals and we have an exciting day. A large pride of lions with heavy stomachs come away from a kill, leaving it to a dozen hyenas fighting and snarling over the bones. Vultures and jackals dart in for bits of meat and within minutes there is nothing left but a dark stain on the trampled grass.

Zebra, wildebeest and many other antelope graze across the crater floor. A hippo waddles into the lake, surrounded by plovers and sacred ibis and the last departing numbers of the great migration of wildebeest are organized by a busy male. They stand where they are pushed as the old male runs back and forth and circles through the herd, pushing and shoving to get the young males in order.

Rhinos are active today and four of them charge the car. It must be a bluff for they stop short of us and glare. The car stalls in front of a particularly ugly disposition and we wait fifteen minutes until he grazes his way beyond our area of apprehension and we can get out and push the Land Rover.

The hyenas settle down for a nap and it is time to travel up the crater wall. We cling to the steep sides on the one-way road and stall halfway which gives us another opportunity to take pictures and enjoy the spread of the soft fields and rolling hills and forests of the crater floor.

Mike Dove prepares a birthday dinner back at camp and kills a cockerel which has outlived its name, but it is a pleasant evening.

We go down to the valley the next day to stop at Arusha for supplies and then to Mt. Kibo Hotel. This is where the mountain climbers leave to climb Mt. Kilimanjaro; and we watch them drag back from their five-day, seventy-five mile hike to the snowy mountain top, exhausted, dirty and hungry, and we vow never to climb mountains.

The Africans in Kibo are very friendly and we receive greetings from each one we meet as we drive along the road. Small banana plantations abound and the damp climate encourages thick forest, ferns, waterfalls and rich farms. We stop to visit one small home and are invited in to see the family cow and her new calf sharing the small hut since land is too dear to tether a cow outside. The women carry loads of grass up the hill to feed the cattle and sow the land in vegetables. We buy fresh corn which our chef prepares for dinner and find it unbelievably sweet and tender.

Tsavo at the foot of Kilimanjaro is our next stop and we stay at Kilaguni Lodge in an elephant arena. Elephants wander in to drink at the water holes and then have a glorious time at a wallow of red mud. Mud is sucked into the trunks and sprayed over the bodies, and when this becomes too tantalizing, the happy animals end up with a roll in the sticky mess. Some sit on the bank and scoot back and forth in the soft cool wetness,

Wildebeests begin to gather for their great migration.

then back for another drink and a little gossip and a stroll through the trees.

We see Mt. Kilimanjaro rising above a fringe of white clouds in the morning and then move out of West Tsavo to East Tsavo. In the last two hours we cover nineteen miles to the Athi River, enroute viewing a startling display of white morning glories contrasting with the red earth while elephants gather great bundles of them for breakfast.

The wild country has become even rougher at the Athi River and after a few miles along the river we see the camp on the other side. A boatman takes us over in a rubber boat alternately rowing and dragging the boat over sand bars. The tenting camp is in an area not usually open to visitors. It is a comfortable camp and the Harknesses who manage it are pleasant companions. Tenting camps have every convenience though on a primitive level.

During our stay here we explore by Land Rover along the river; and since animals are wild here we travel quietly and slowly along the rough roads to the everlasting accompaniment of hordes of tsetse flies and a good supply of dust. I sneeze and there is dead silence and the men turn with intent look and then relax. I discover their concern is at the sound effect I produced — like that of an angry rhino.

On the way home at dusk we run into an elephant's challenge of right-of-way. Not at us, thank goodness. Elephants travel on paths. This works very well when they are all going in the same direction. However, when they meet there is likely to be trouble. One pushes forward and the other backs away until he builds up enough courage to begin pushing the other one. They go back and forth this way for some time — with occasional intermissions while one turns and twists and shakes his great ears and waves his trunk — and then goes back to pushing. This continues until one inadvertently steps off the path and the other dashes past and the excitement is over. When that spectacle is finished we prepare again to return to camp but another spectacle awaits us. A tremendous flock of hundreds of thousands of small Quela birds are on the road and in the bushes ahead, and as our car starts up they rise startled in a great mass to the trees, spread out in the sky, bank together and then fan out again in a great black cloud against the sky.

As our good-bye to Africa we spend our last two days in the plush surroundings of the Mt. Kenya Safari Club. Phyl thinks it's a good idea to ease us back into the modern world before leaving Africa and we don't object as the weather is lovely and Mt. Kenya rises cloudless above us as we live in luxury. Finally we pack the safari clothes and take off for home.

But even in London we view more wild life, though this time unplanned. A large crowd of British on the footbridge in St. James park on Sunday prompt Hope and me to wander down to see the excitement. About five feet from the shore a pair of mudhens had built a nest in a little mound above the water level. Mother sits on the nest but father swims around and around in great agitation trying to head off the first-born youngster, recently hatched, who is on his first great adventure, swimming with great speed about fifty feet down the lake — a tiny black bit of fluff with a red

A lioness rests beside the road in Serengeti.

skin of his head shining through a scraggly crown of yellow feathers, the small beak already tipped in white. Finding escape on land too difficult, the young desperado returns to the joy of the swim and leads the crowd back and forth from the bridge to the shore and back again. By this time father is exhausted in this rodeo and appeals to mother who takes over in a masterly way. Back the young scamp comes, clambers weakly up the side of the nest to warmth and safety while the happy, relieved crowd melts away. And we do too, finding this a fitting climax to our ferocious wildlife adventures for this summer.

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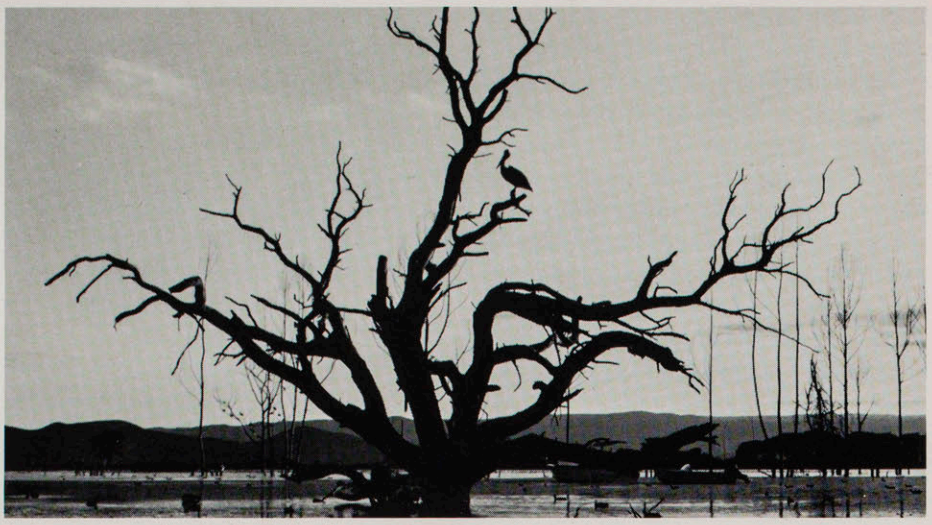
(An account of the third trip taken to East Africa by Miss Hope Chevalier and Miss Gretchen Sibley of the Division of Education in the company of their friends Ted and Phyl Ryde of Thompson's Fall, Kenya, East Africa.)

In October, there will be a Museum Alliance safari to Africa guided by that intrepid Senior Curator of Paleontology, Dr. J. R. MacDonald. Official news of this trip will come to you later.



A Japanese print against the Kenya sky.

Store windows display fascinating combinations of goods.

A giant from Tsavo.

THE DINOSAURS ARE BECOMING EXTINCT!!

By **J. R. Macdonald**
Senior Curator
of Paleontology

Ask any school boy, and he will tell you that the dinosaurs became extinct about 75,000,000 years ago. Ask a Vertebrate Paleontologist, and he'll tell you that the dinosaurs are in dire straits today. The depredations of Man are destroying our fauna.

In the case of the dinosaur, it is not through the action of mighty hunters with time machines, but of rockhounds with hammers. Every day, irreplaceable specimens of great potential scientific, educational and exhibit value are hauled home in the amateur's car trunk or camper — usually without accompanying field notes to identify the geographic or geologic site of discovery. Most of these vanish for years into midas-like "collections" — under the bed or in the garage — to be discarded eventually by disinterested heirs. Sometimes the specimens are used to decorate the hobbyist's garden as steppingstones, path borders or fireplace trim. Others disappear into the lapidarist's shop to reappear as jewelry, paper weights or doo-dads. But let's be fair. Most of those amateurs don't even suspect (or can't imagine) that any of their specimens would be interesting or important to the scientist. Fortunately, there are a few (painfully few) of them who keep proper records, neatly label and display their collections at home and at club shows and county fairs, and periodically invite a scientist to review their collections. Worthy specimens are placed in the Science Museum collections and the amateur collector has made another scientific contribution.

The author is not a wild-eyed calamity howler (hmm, on second thought, maybe he is) but a scientist who has devoted most of his life to the study of the life of the past through the fossil record. During most of his career he was plagued by the problems of too little time and too little money. Now, like all of his fellow paleontologists, he is faced with the destructive force of the hobbyist. Don't get me wrong! I think it's great that people now have the time and the inclination to go outdoors and roam the wild country with a purpose. Certainly it's better than TV-hypnosis, holding up service stations, or stealing hubcaps for a hobby. The problem comes from the uninformed and the unmindful who either don't know or care that they are destroying important scientific material.

At a recent meeting in Lawrence, Kansas, of the continent's Vertebrate Paleontologists, one of the chief topics of discussion was the problem of protecting scientific material from vandals. All of us had horrible examples to cite, although the major problem is west of the Missouri River. It is in the Middlewest, Great Plains, Rocky Mountains, Basin-Range, Colorado Plateau, and West Coast where the greatest number of vertebrate fossils are concentrated, where dinosaurs may be found, and where the amateur fossil hunter is in full cry. Unfortunately, things are so bad that many of us no longer publish our localities in our scientific papers; if we do, this information is used by the amateur, and our localities are looted and destroyed. This self-inflicted but necessary form of partial censorship hampers the work of the other paleontologists.

Let me give a few examples of our problem. Some years ago I took a prospective angel (museums depend on angels, too) to a well-known 3,500,000 year old fossil deposit on the bluffs overlooking the Snake River in southwestern Idaho. You may see beautiful mounts of zebra-like horse skeletons from this site in most of the country's leading museums. I wanted to open the quarry to get material for exhibit and study. We needed specimens from this locality to fill out our bone library for this particular age. When we arrived at the quarry site, I found a complete horse skeleton lying on the ground; no piece was larger than a man's hand, and everything was there except the teeth. Someone had chopped out the skeleton and saved only the teeth for his private collection or to make souvenirs for his friends. I consider boiling in oil a just reward for such vandals.

James Jensen of the Brigham Young University in Provo, Utah, is living right on the edge of Dinosaur Country and his howls of anguish over this problem can be heard throughout the land. Just recently an articulated skeleton of the giant dinosaur **Camarasaurus** was found in his area. This giant stood even taller than the famous **Brontosaurus**. Jensen was able to collect the hind foot before winter set in. As it was in a very isolated spot in central Utah, he thought it would be safe through the winter. Jensen waited until Spring for an opportunity to go back with proper equipment. When he returned, he found that rockhounds had ripped out the vertebral column and broken it to pieces. This was a unique specimen as it was the first record of an articulated partial skeleton. All other known skeletons are composites of several individuals. At another locality Jensen found an armored dinosaur which

was a new record for both type and geologic age. Again the rockhounds got to it first, and what could have been a beautiful display specimen in the BYU Museum and an important new scientific record is now junk in some hobbyist's private collection.

There are many more examples that I could give, but why go on? It's bad enough that Utah paleontologists shudder every time they see a camper with an out-of-state license go by. They are convinced that it's another load of rockhounds out after dinosaur bones for jewelry.

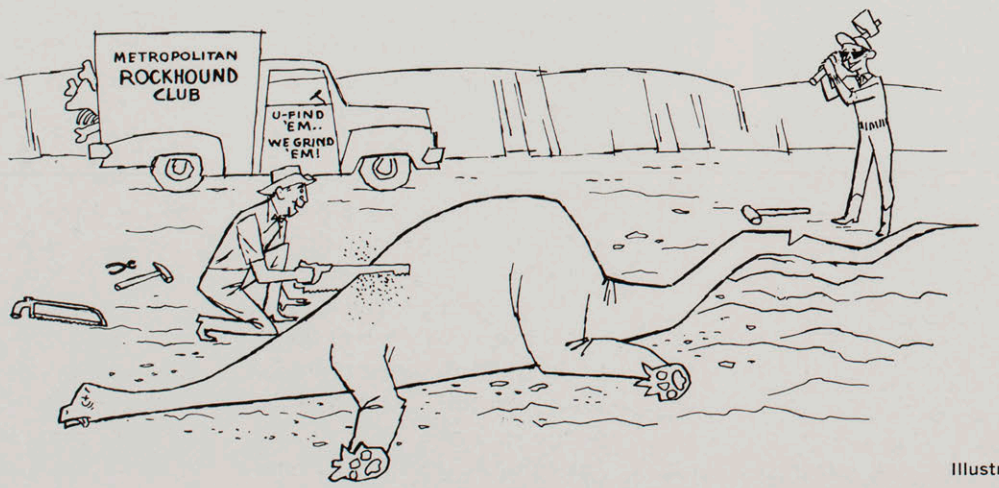
What can be done? Legislation and laws aren't the answer. The Antiquities Act which covers the collection or destruction of scientific material on Federal land has been on the books for years, and most states have similar laws covering state lands. All these laws seem to do is to stop the scientist from collecting without permits, while the amateur goes in, grabs and leaves.

Education seems to be the only answer. Of course, we will never be able to reach the irresponsible person who is only interested in his or her "hobby" and couldn't care less about science and the rest of the public.

Fossil vertebrates are important scientifically, they are relatively rare, and only an expert can tell whether or not they represent a new sort of animal or something that is common in the record. However, the amateur can supply important assistance to the museum and the professional scientist by helping in field work and at the laboratory.

A former amateur collector (who knew enough to keep proper records and to turn his material over to the museum) led a dinosaur hunting party in Montana last summer. This was the third summer that we hired him for this job and the fifth all-season trip he has taken, with or for the museum staff. In addition to many week ends or week-long trips, he has spent two months in central Mexico, three months in the famous White River Badlands of South Dakota, and this is his third three-month excursion into the dinosaur country of Montana. Projected plans will keep his summers busy as long as he wishes to spend them with us. So far, he has had three heretofore unknown species of fossil animals named in his honor — what better way to achieve immortality than to have your name in the scientific literature for as long as science exists on this planet?

Why don't you contact your local museum and see if they can use your skills and know how? We'd like to welcome you as a partner into a fascinating and useful world.



Illustrations by Mary Butler

West Uganda Forest Survey

By **Dr. Herbert Friedmann**
Director,
Los Angeles County
Museum of
Natural History

Western Uganda in the heart of central Africa, has numerous sizeable, but isolated, completely discontinuous, forested areas that are, as far as their animal and plant life is concerned, sylvan islands in a vast expanse of open grasslands, swamps, and bush-veldt country. The creatures that live in these forests do not occur in the intervening open areas; they are just as limited to their immediate terrain as are the terrestrial inhabitants of oceanic islands. Unlike the islands these forests are in danger of disappearing rapidly as all are being cut down year by year to make room for agriculture, particularly for tea plantations, and as they disappear their endemic forms of life will go with them. Whether it is possible, or even wise, to attempt to stop the course of economic progress, the sad fact remains that our total recorded knowledge of these highly restricted faunas and floras is very incomplete. This was brought out very clearly a few years ago in this Museum.

After collecting the elephants now on display in the Museum, the 1963 Knudsen-Machris Expedition went to western Uganda to obtain a number of chimpanzees for a future habitat group in our second floor Hall of Exotic Mammals. In the course of their work they spent approximately a week in each of three west Ugandan forests; Budongo, Kibale, and Bwamba. In each of these areas they made important collections of the birds, small mammals, reptiles, amphibians, and insects, as well as successfully hunting their primary objective, the chimpanzees. When the collections arrived at the Museum I found, to my surprise, that the results of a single week's work in each of these forests had increased recorded knowledge of their bird life by more than 50% for Budongo (70 additional species), by 35% for Kibale (30 additional species), and by a smaller, but still significant increase (13 additional species) for the previously much better known Bwamba. If this much could be added in a week it was obvious that a more prolonged stay would greatly enhance the sum of our information.

These results, side results be it noted, of trips made primarily for other goals, were dramatic enough, but the three forests visited were among the best known of the dozen or more such areas in western Uganda. What then might be learned if we could get to some of the other forests before they disappeared before the axe and the plow? In April 1965 at a meeting at the University of Michigan, the directors of the large natural history collections agreed that Museums should attempt to gather material from such endangered areas while it was still possible to do so, even if no immediate study of the collections were planned.

Shortly before this meeting, the Los Angeles County Museum of Natural History had submitted to the National Sci-

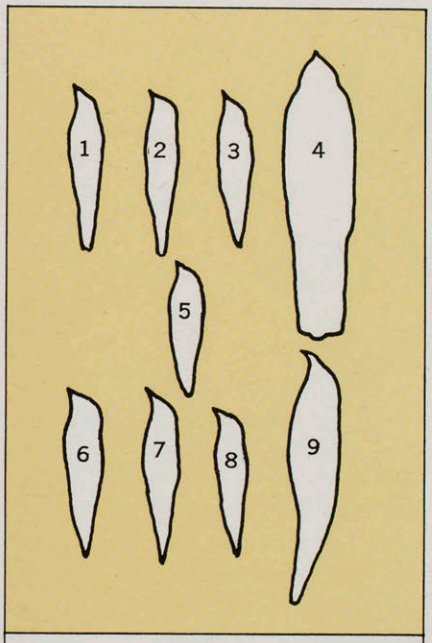
ence Foundation an application for support of just this sort of project, aimed explicitly at the zoological exploration of these forests of western Uganda. To our gratification the support was given for a two year survey starting as of July 1, 1966, and terminating on June 30, 1968. It may interest the Alliance to know that the Museum has been singled out on several occasions as a pioneer in this urgently needed type of zoological survey of areas doomed to serious alteration, if not obliteration, in the near future.

Our plan, which has worked extremely well, was to make use of the highly knowledgeable and skilled naturalist-collectors who had been in the field with the Knudsen-Machris Expedition, residents of Kenya who were familiar with the country, the native peoples, the fauna, and the local governments. In the sixteen months that the grant has been in operation there have been made for, and already received at, the Museum, the largest and most complete collections ever amassed in four of the west Ugandan forests, Budongo, Bwamba, Impenetrable, and Kibale, totalling some 3500 birds, 768 mammals, 650 reptiles and amphibians, as well as sizeable collections of insects, the last currently held for study in Nairobi. The extent to which these added to our knowledge since what was learned from the Knudsen-Machris 1963 collections may be gathered from the statistics on the birds, the only part of the collections completely identified to date. There have been added 49 more kinds of birds to the Kibale list, 56 to the Budongo list, 35 to that of Bwamba, while 190 species have been collected in the Impenetrable Forest, from which there were almost no published data earlier, although a handful of species had been mentioned incidentally in various publications. Included in these collections are examples of nearly thirty kinds of birds never before known east of the former Belgian Congo, and now added to the recorded avifauna of Uganda. So successful has the whole project been that we have just applied for a second grant to extend the survey for another two years, and to expand it to include collecting the fishes and other fauna of the forest streams as well as the terrestrial creatures.

At the time of this writing, the field party is about to begin a month's intensive collecting in the Bugoma Forest, an area almost completely neglected by zoologists since 1915, and it is anticipated that large increases in our information on the fauna of this forest will result.

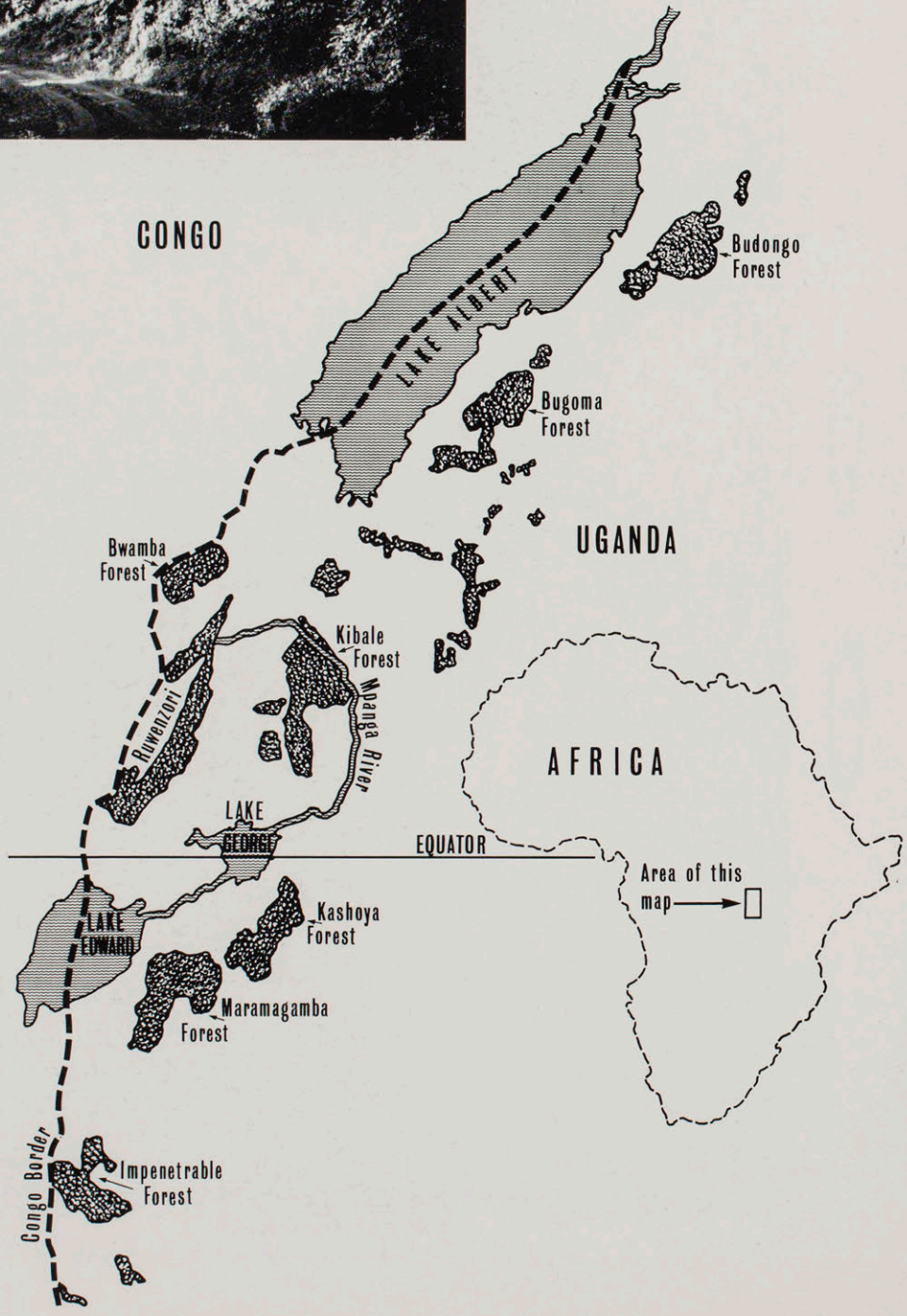
While the first phase of our over-all program is to make adequate collections of the animal life of these areas, there is a second phase to be pursued later. Briefly it is this. In a very literal sense the birds, small mammals, reptiles, etc., in these separate forests, shown on the accompanying map, are geographic isolates, cut off from the rest of their own species elsewhere, and, thereby forced to a program of progressive inbreeding. This should permit and, even enhance, the development of small differences between these discrete populations of species that thus occur in isolated fragments in the several forests. It is planned to make careful and detailed comparisons of these to evaluate the degree to which incipient differences between them have progressed; in other words to study the micro-evolutionary aspects of the results of their fragmentation into non-interbreeding segments in these forested "islands." This study cannot be approached until the necessary collections have been made, and does not have the unfortunate urgency that attends the collecting part of the program.

The flow of exciting new collections to the Museum has had the added effect of stimulating research here on the mammals, reptiles and amphibians, as well as the birds, of central Africa. Our Museum is already recognized as an active center for African zoological studies, and we now find that such larger and older institutions as the American Museum of Natural History, the Field Museum, and the Smithsonian Institution, send "puzzling" specimens here for identification, or request loans for study from our African collections. In the field of African ornithology alone, our collections have grown from a few hundred specimens of about two hundred species, some with inadequate data, in 1961, to over 13,000 fully documented ones, representing over 1300 species and subspecies, with more collections due to arrive. Similar, but less extensive, growth has transpired in our collections of African mammals, reptiles, amphibians, and insects.



1. Willcock's Honey-guide
2. Zenker's Honey-guide
3. Gabun Woodpecker
4. Bates's Nightjar
5. Red-rumped Barbet
6. Green Broadbill
7. Grauer's Babbler
8. Neumann's Ground Warbler
9. Lagden's Bush-shrike

Kibale Forest, typical rain forest vegetation.



The Mummy, The Dinosaur and the Restroom

By **Gretchen Sibley**
and
J. R. Macdonald
in order of appearance

Photographs by Gretchen Sibley

(Sibley)

"Where's the mummy?"

"Hey, do you have any dinosaurs?"

"Where's the men's restroom, sir?" These questions are directed to the guards in deadly repetition hour after hour during the Museum's evolving day. One wonders if these specific attractions arranged in a neat row in front of the building might not solve a number of problems. Sometimes the questions cause confusion. One puzzled visitor was sent to see the baboons in the waterhole group when an accent combined with the word "bathroom" was misunderstood.

A "real live mummy" was requested by one young man. An even younger one inquired about a dinosaur by name—"Dinah Shore."

Museums are fun. A natural history museum is many things to many people. It is a good question as to whether it is more fun to be a visitor or an employee. The visitor is interested in the things on display, the employee is usually interested in the things not on display and in the people who come to the museum to look at exhibits or to bring things, questions, or "the truth" to the curators.

We are writing this joint effort with the thought of presenting the museum visitor to the museum visitor through the eyes of a Museum Education Specialist and a Curator.

There are two worlds in the museum, one confined by the dignified walls of the halls and galleries, and another "behind the scenes." Let us travel through the week with museum visitors in the galleries. Monday is cleaning day and the galleries are closed. Tuesday at ten the doors open. Lined up neatly on the steps are up to ten classes of school children. Along the curb yellow school buses disgorge their excited riders. Guides and docents meet the teachers and march the students off to new worlds. Some travel back to the Indians, some go on an African safari, and La Brea fossils fascinate others as school subjects take on substance and reality. The hour passes quickly and back the children tramp to the front door, stampede the bookstore for postcards and miniature fossil replicas and continue on to the bus. More lines of children have appeared for the eleven o'clock tours and

Families on an African safari.

the process is repeated again at twelve. A thousand or more youngsters have eagerly approached the museum and gone back to school anxious to learn more about the things enthusiastically shown in the galleries.

Casual visitors come and go all day long. Some wander in from the park to continue an aimless path through the building. A family, visiting in California, passes quickly to Hancock Hall to see the animals from the tar pits. Reactions vary and one was recently heard to say "What a wonderful job they have done with wrought iron. They look just like bones." An occasional visitor is sure "They just made them up — they never lived!"

One can always find earnest students of all ages scattered about the building studying and taking notes. Art students set up easels or prop drawing boards on cases to practice likenesses of animals and artifacts.

I am sometimes called upon to lecture to university classes on such subjects as historical geology or comparative anatomy. Even this may have an interesting turn. An eccentric student in a pre-med class attracted my attention one day. She was older than the rest, dressed in several articles of clothing, each of a different bright plaid. Straight black hair was drawn into a skinny braid and feet were planted securely in heavy brogues. She listened intently and later told me of her great interest and intensive study of anatomy. A casual question from her about the wiggly lines on the skull convinced me that something was wrong with a pre-med student who didn't recognize a suture. The class departed but she stayed on.

Repeated visits in the next few months supplied me with a continuous and amazing story of her adventures on the hospital staff. The mystery was cleared when her father called to explain his daughter's life as an inmate in a mental hospital. It was during her home visitation that she visited the museum.

Mothers bring in three-year-olds to visit the mammal halls and shrill voices insist that the animals move. Older children arrive in late afternoon and a near playground atmosphere prevails. I rounded a corner this week in time to meet three eight-year-olds skidding on their stomachs on polished marble floors. A game of hide and seek is often spoiled by a watchful guard. And a warning from the electric eye foils a small boy's safari into the African elephant group.

On Wednesday afternoons senior citizens, other adult groups and casual visitors join the docents on a tour of the galleries or a visit to a special exhibit. And the week days continue — quiet on rainy days and busy on sunny days.

On Saturday the doors open to a different crowd. The neat lines of students have disappeared. Hordes of cub scouts, Campfire girls, day camp groups, Brownies, etc. storm the ramparts. A few go through with discipline and purpose — this is rare! Most scatter to all corners; and helpless leaders quietly give up. The hundreds of visitors mount to several thousand and harried guards anxiously await the closing hour.

Even more visitors arrive on Sundays for this is family day. The morning is quiet but crowds build after lunch. Some picnic in the park and arrive in shorts and slacks with baby strollers. Some

Museums are fun.

come from church. Some earnestly teach their children in the galleries and others let them run at will to pick up fleeting facts.

More questions for the patient guards. One small boy, gazing at the leg bone of the dinosaur on display in the lobby, inquired: "Is this a toe bone?" He could read only the TO in **touch** on the label. Another vainly looked for a place to put his dime so he could ride it.

A small girl plants herself in front of a guard and says "I know your name, it's Police." More requests for the "Hall of Revolving Lights," the "dead zoo" and the "stairs which go up and down both."

And so they come and go. Some in idle curiosity, some disquieted, to find escape in another life for an hour, some earnestly studying, some bored and restless and seeking an interest.

Treasures and memories and curiosities and a variety of materials and presentations to appeal to all! It is a great challenge to choose the right things from a great storehouse and present them in a way to meet the needs of all: excited three-year-olds, mischievous eight-year-olds, bored teenagers, interested families, tired middle aged, philosophical aged — the student of any age.

And then we have another world behind the galleries.

(Macdonald)

Everyday one or more people will find their way through the defensive perimeter into the various curators' offices. Here they will seek to either give or receive information. Most come with specimens to be identified. Speaking as a curator in Vertebrate Paleontology, I am always happy to identify specimens which have been lovingly hauled in from the desert, hills or beaches. An identification is made, the citizen feels that the county has done its duty, and the fossil is given to the Museum, carried away to be treasured, taken to school, or displayed with pride to long-suffering visitors. This is the ideal case. Many times the curator is a dream destroyer when the treasured specimen turns out to be a leftover piece of last season's roast or a secondhand horse. When this is the called for identification, you feel very sad, particularly if the eager finder is something less than three feet tall.

Some adult specimen bringers become problem children. Particularly when they bring concretions which they insist are dinosaur bones or petrified hearts, livers or kidneys. Why they are always hearts, livers, or kidneys, I'll never know. Concretions are masses of clay, silt, or sand which have been heavily cemented by minerals precipitated from the ground water. They weather from the rock in irregular masses which often resemble parts of animals.

Most concretion finders will sadly accept your verdict and quietly haul their find home, being sure in their inner heart that somewhere there is a better paleontologist who will tell them that their treasure is truly the long sought key to the history of life. Unfortunately, the scene is usually something like this: Enter Suspicious Citizen clutching paper sack or package.

S.C.: I want you to identify my fossil liver.

Curator: May I see it first?

Gretchen Sibley, science education specialist, describes a "real live mummy."

S.C.: (Ill concealing the fear that his specimen is going to be hijacked and that he, she, or it will never live to reach the Museum's door.) Well, all right. (Lays package on Curator's desk which is already covered with specimens and manuscript pages, and fumbles it open.)

Curator: (Picking up concretion, holding it to the light — putting on his "I'm-a-TV-scientist-deep-in-thought" look.) I'm afraid that this is really a concretion.

S.C.: You say it isn't a petrified kidney?

Curator: I'm afraid not. (Followed by lecture on concretions.)

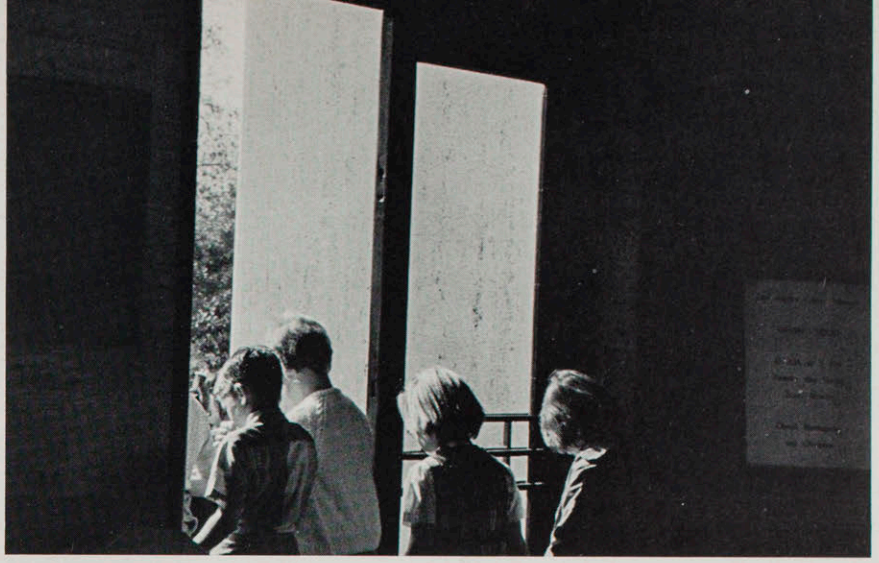
S.C.: Well, Dr. Glotz who has been treating the family for three generations says it's a petrified kidney and he knows more than you do. (Wraps up the concretion, scatters your papers on the floor and drives off in his six cylinder Huff.)

Then there was the "Time Traveler." I'm an old science fiction fan—was corrupted by my father at an early age and have enjoyed every minute of it. However, when presented with a genuine self-styled time traveler and his wife, one does have a moment of wonder. He explained to me how things were in the beginning when the world was all covered with water except for the top of Mt. Everest which formed a small island. Slowly the water receded and the world became as we see it today. All this time, he was clutching a softball-sized boulder. He explained that this was a rock which he had picked up from the land surface, "in the beginning." This was my cue (high time after a forty minute lecture). I swept him up and took him into the office of the Curator of Geology and fled.

One day I received a call from a female type author who had written the last word on the Darwinian fallacy. Would I look at her manuscript? I should have known better but I agreed. It should be noted that all anti-evolutionists insist on attacking the Darwinian theory. They have never heard of the Synthetic Theory of Evolution. The Modern Synthesis is to Darwin what the Continental is to the Model "T." Darwin's theory is but part of a complex of inter-related processes. Fortunately or unfortunately, I'm in complete agreement with G. G. Simpson when he said in "The Meaning of Evolution" that the opinion of anyone who did not believe in evolution was not worth considering.

The great day arrived and my authoress arrived with a portfolio of manuscript and a look of grim determination. Her text and her conversation was a constant iteration of the statement that scientists were stupid, scientists did not think, scientists simply repeated what Darwin had said without any change but accepted it as gospel. This theme was repeated from A to Z, from bass to soprano, and from here to eternity. I don't remember the exact details of my escape, maybe I had a fainting spell or set fire to my desk: at any rate, another hour or so had been spent expanding my knowledge of the world and its inhabitants.

Occasionally, we get an author whose new theory will explain ALL. One of these (who announced that he was a scholar, not a scientist) arrived with his manuscript, plates, figures and a com-



Back to the school bus after an exciting visit to the Museum.

Fascinated by the leg bone of a dinosaur.

"I know your name. It's police." A youngster greets Danny Nash, supervising guard.

Eager to learn more.

Dr. Reid Macdonald, senior curator of vertebrate paleontology, listens to a new theory designed to solve all his problems.

panion who was his artist and editoress. His theory was born the night an earthquake struck a train while he was riding from Mexico City to Juarez. His main thesis was that all of the earth as we see it today was the result of one cosmic accident. The great quantities of gravel and boulders which the unenlightened believe came from the action of streams, waves or glaciers were really a by-product of this event.

A large comet swept near the earth and nullified gravity. The seven layers of the earth were lifted up and then fell with a thunk. The upper layer was carried so high that the pieces melted as they fell and became rounded by the passage through the air. These became the so-called stream and glacial gravels that litter the earth's surface today. Often you will find the impressions of shells or bones on the sides of these. It is said by "scientists" that these resulted from the rock forming around the shell or bone; in reality they were formed when the molten glob of rock fell from the sky and oozed over the shell or bone.

Another hour of this and I was able to thank him kindly for his patience in explaining ALL to me. I told him that the mark of a true scientist was to be able to see one's theories go down in flames and then spring back and start anew. He reassured me by telling me that he was sure that I was mature enough to accept his theory despite the contradictions of all that I had been taught during my career.

Some don't bother to come in. They just send their manuscripts. Last week I received one telling of the extinction of Dinosaurs and Mammoths. It was modestly subtitled, "The Century's greatest advance in knowledge of the Earth." This time the extinction of the mammoths and the dinosaurs was caused by showers of meteors. No mention is made of other extinctions at either time so one must assume that the meteors were highly selective. Whenever mention is made of scientists in this manuscript, they are always, "Scientists." I'm afraid this one spends his spare time reading Ivan T. Sanderson, E. Velikovsky and going to grade "Z" science fiction movies. It is always good to keep an open mind and listen to all of these thinkers. After all, they are thinking. When listening to some patently ridiculous hypothesis which was built by thinking but founded on ignorance, I always remember the experience of a geologist friend. He was augmenting his professoring salary by mapping for an oil company during the summer in a small part of his area: a particular tangled mess of geology was giving him a hard time. He kept returning to it all summer long until he finally worked out its history to his satisfaction. On his final visit he met an illiterate sheepherder at the spot. They exchanged greetings and Ned told the sheepherder what he was doing. The sheepherder was impressed and then told Ned that he had been worrying away at this particular piece of geology for five or six years because he wondered how it had come about. He then presented his solution which was identical with my friend's.

It sounds as though we are constantly being invaded by wild ones. Actually most of our visitors are wonderful people. Many want to help with our work. Many have fossils to donate to the Museum or leads on good discoveries. Unfortunately, it is a fact of life that the chronicling of the works of the good guys is never as much fun as chuckling over the other kind.

(continued from page 2)

Hotel, Barne's log house and the office of the Havilah Courier, first newspaper to be published in Kern County.

Many families drove the 36 miles south to Fort Tejon and picnicked among the valley oaks, black willows and cottonwoods on the old parade grounds at the fort which is a state monument.

Chief Ranger Louis Wakefield was our host and told us that he came to Fort Tejon expecting to stay for 2 years and now 20 years later is still learning about the area. He explained that Tejon (Tehon') means badger and that the old land grant was given this name by Ignacio del Valle, the original owner.

The United States Army established Fort Tejon in 1854 to protect the Indians and government property at the Sebastian Indian Reservation. The location was also chosen because it could be used to control the Tehachapi Pass through which stolen cattle and horses from the San Joaquin were driven to southern markets around Los Angeles.

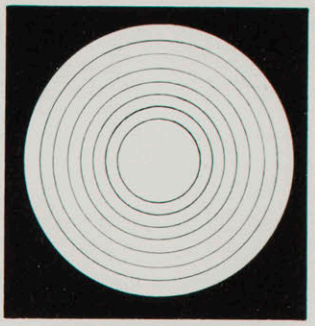
Fort Tejon was regimental headquarters for the First U.S. Dragoons, patrols ranging as far as the Colorado River, Salt Lake City and the Owens Valley. It was the military, social and political center between Los Angeles and Visalia in the San Joaquin. The Fort was abandoned in 1864 and in 1939 five acres were given to the state for a park.

Restoration and reconstruction are still in progress but the officers' quarters are complete and furnished, giving a good idea of the efforts made by Army wives to establish a home in the wilderness. The original adobe orderlies' quarters still stand and work continues in reconstruction of the barracks and other buildings.

The day was a memorable one for all, thanks to the fine planning of the Alliance officers, Mr. Macdonald, Mrs. York and Miss Mahood and the graciousness of Director Bailey and Chief Ranger Wakefield.

One of the pleasures of this trip for us was seeing so many charming families spending a profitable and enjoyable day together and the generally excellent behavior of the children as they played and learned among the historical exhibits at Pioneer Village and Fort Tejon.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren Putnam
Alliance Members



MUSEUM SPOTLIGHT

Earth Sciences New Curators

Edward C. Wilson

The Earth Sciences Division is happy to welcome two new curators to the museum.

Edward C. Wilson, formerly curator of Invertebrate Paleontology and Chairman of the Division of Invertebrates at San Diego Natural History Museum is our new Curator of Invertebrate Paleontology (fossil shells and their relatives) at this museum. Dr. Wilson arrived in September to take over the section formerly headed by Mr. George P. Kanakoff. He is a graduate of the University of California, Berkeley and his home was Daytona Beach, Florida. Dr. Wilson's specialty is fossil corals of the Permian time (200 million years old) along with Pliocene to Recent mollusks. He will provide new horizons in the study of the truly ancient life of our western states.

Jerry L. Matthews has joined the museum as Curator of Geology-Mineralogy. Jerry is a native of Pennsylvania, graduated from Allegheny College, received a master's degree at Kansas State University and received his PhD. from the University of California at Los Angeles.

His special fields of interest are sedimentation and the interpretation of environments, sand dunes, tillites (in glacial areas) and he recently led a field party in the Sentinel Mts., Antarctica.

Dr. Matthews came to us in September after serving this summer as Assistant Professor of Geology at U.C.L.A.

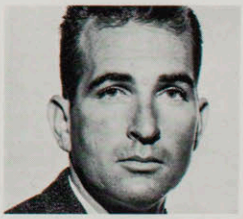
Jerry L. Mathews

Life Sciences New Curator

An outstanding scientist has just joined the staff of the Life Sciences Division as Curator of Herpetology (reptiles and amphibians). Dr. John W. Wright, former Assistant Professor at Western New Mexico University, in his new role at the Los Angeles County Museum of Natural History assumes duties in one of the most rapidly expanding areas of the museum's scientific program. Included in the present expansion plans of the museum is a large scale exhibition devoted to the field of herpetology. Planning for this future event will be among Dr. Wright's first projects.

Dr. Wright, who has worked extensively in the systematics and ecology of the lizards and amphibians of the southwest, is currently engaged in a long-range study of the whiptail lizards. While quite common throughout southwestern United States and northern Mexico, the animals present an as yet unresolved puzzle in their biology, inasmuch as there are no males involved. The females lay fertile eggs that hatch entirely as females—a phenomenon only recently discovered.

Dr. Wright lives with his wife, Helen, and their three children in Bellflower.



Dr. John W. Wright

Los Angeles County Museum of Natural History
Exposition Park, Los Angeles, California 90007
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